

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring  
HOPALONG CASSIDY

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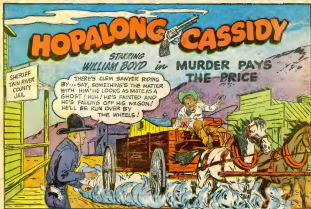


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HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD.

# HOPALONG CASSIDY



THERE'S A DRUNK IN TWIN RIVER WHO CAN GIVE YOU NEW FACES! USED TO BE A GREAT DOCTOR! UNTIL DRINK RUINED HIM! BUT FOR A GOOD FEE, I CAN GET HIM SCORPED UP LONG ENOUGH TO CHANGE YOUR LOOKS COMPLETELY!



WHAT DO YOU SAY? ISN'T IT WORTH WHAT I'M ASKING TO BE FREE HOMBRES AND NOT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING JAILED AGAIN? AND YOU'LL STILL HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!



IT SURE IS!  
IT'S A DEAL,  
PHILIPS!

THAT NIGHT...



THERE GOES THE JAILHOUSE DRAG AND CASSIDY SHOULD BE HERE IN A FEW MOMENTS!



HERE THEY COME!

HURRY! GET ON THERE HORSES AND HEAD FOR THE RIVER! YOU'LL FIND A SMALL BOAT THERE! GET ON IT AND SAIL FOR TWIN RIVER! STAY ON IT UNTIL I CONTACT YOU! I'LL HEAD FOR TWIN RIVER NOW AND ARRANGE EVERYTHING!



THE ONLY THING I HAVE TO DO IS FIND A SAFE PLACE IN TWIN RIVER WHERE I CAN HAVE DOC BATES OPERATE ON THEIR FACES! UNTIL I FIND THE RIGHT SPOT, THEY'LL HAVE TO STAY ON THE BOAT!

THE NEXT DAY IN TWIN RIVER...



I TRIED TO GET AN EXTENSION ON YOUR MORTGAGE FROM THE BANK, SAWYER, BUT THEY REFUSED TO DO IT! UNLESS YOU PAY THEM A THOUSAND DOLLARS BY SATURDAY, THEY'RE GOING TO FORECLOSE AND TAKE OVER YOUR RANCH! IN REAL SORRY, SAWYER!

(SIGH)  
I HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY! I PROMISE I'LL WORK MY WINGS!

I THINK I'VE JUST FOUND THE PLACE TO HIDE OUT DAVE AND GRIZZLY! IT'LL BE EASY TO MAKE A DEAL WITH THAT GUNBUST!

LATER, AT SAWYER'S RANCH...



I COULDN'T HELP HEARING ABOUT YOUR MISFORTUNE, MISTER SAWYER! I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU THE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO PAY YOUR MORTGAGE IF YOU'LL DO A LITTLE FAVOR FOR ME!

WHY NOT?  
THAT'S WONDERFUL!



ER, WAIT A SECOND! IS IT ANYTHING DISHONEST, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!

DISHONEST? ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS TAKE TWO LARGE CRATES FROM A BOAT IN THE RIVER AND BRING THEM HERE!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY







IN FACT, THINGS ARE GOING TO GET BETTER AND BETTER!

WHAM!



THE HANG-UP, DOC, WHILE I CALL MY OTHER PATIENTS! I THINK I'LL ADMINISTER TREATMENT TO BOTH OF THEM AT THE SAME TIME!

SAY, THE TWO OF YOU HAD BETTER COME DOWN TOO!

WHAT-EVER YOU SAY, DOC!



WELL, DOC, DID YOU FINISH OPERATING ON HOPALONG?

OH, IT'S COME OUT ALL RIGHT!

IT'S A LITTLE EARLY TO SAY, BUT I DO THINK THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY SUCCESSFUL OPERATION!



I'M NOT LICENSED TO USE EITHER! BUT HERE'S MY OWN PERSONAL ANESTHETIC...A PISTOL OF WOODCUT PUNCHES!

UGH!

BAM!

WHAM!



YOU'RE A LITTLE STRONGER, SO YOU NEED ANOTHER DOSE!

UGH!

POOD!



GOSH, HOPALONG, YOU MAY NOT BE A DOCTOR, BUT YOU SURE CURED THINGS AROUND HERE IN A HURRY!

THANKS TO YOU! IF YOU HADN'T JOINED HANDS WITH ME AGAINST THESE CROOKS, THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN PRETTY BAD! NOW LET'S GET THEM TO JAIL WHERE THEY BELONG!



LATER... JEEPERS, HOPALONG, I NEVER DREAMED THIS WAS CROOKS IN THOSE CRATES!

I KNOW THAT CROOKS WERE AN HONEST FUNK! AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE YOUR PUNCH EITHER! HERE'S HALF OF THE REWARD MONEY FOR THE CAPTURE OF DICK AND JERRY! THAT'LL PAY YOUR MORTGAGE IN FULL!



GOSH, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

DON'T TRY, DOC, THE OTHER HALF OF THE REWARD GOES TO YOU! I HOPE YOU USE IT TO GET UP PRACTICE AGAIN AND REFORM YOUR WIFE!

I SURE WILL! YOU'VE BEEN AN INSPIRATION FROM NOW ON, I'LL DO MY BEST TO GET OUT OVER THE WAY YOU WIFE GOT CRIME!





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# WHITEY WHISKERS

"MAN OF THE SEA"

AS USUAL I'M BROKE!  
I WISH I COULD THINK  
OF SOME WAY TO GET  
SOME MONEY WITHOUT  
WORKING! SAY, WHAT'S  
THAT IN THE PAPER?

HOTEL









# HOPALONG CASSIDY

## and The MINE DISASTER

starring  
WILLIAM BOYD

SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY'S LIFE IS ALWAYS IN DANGER, BUT WHEN HE INVESTIGATES A MINE CAVE-IN, THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMS TO COLLAPSE AROUND HIM!

GOODBYE, HOPALONG! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS MINE ALIVE! I'VE STARTING TO CAVE IN RIGHT NOW--AND YOU'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!

GULP!

**CRACK!**

AT THE TRAIL-HEAD, JONES COPPER MINE--

LISTEN, JONES, I'VE JUST BEEN DOWN IN THE NEW SECTION OF THE MINE! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO LET THE MEN WORK DOWN THERE!

WHAT! BUT THAT'S THE RICHEST PART OF THE WHOLE MINE! THERE'S A FORTUNE FOR US DOWN THERE!

I KNOW, BUT IT'S NOT SAFE! IT'S LIKELY TO CAVE IN ANY MINUTE! WE CAN'T ENDANGER THE MEN'S LIVES!

WHO SAYS WE CAN'T? I DON'T AIM TO GIVE UP A FORTUNE SO EASY! THE MEN DON'T KNOW IT'S UNSAFE! LET THEM WORK IT AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!

NO! I'LL NEVER TAKE A CHANCE WITH ANYONE'S LIFE JUST FOR OUR WEALTH! I WON'T LET THEM GO DOWN THERE!

YOU WON'T, EH?





THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO STOP THEM!

HUNT WHAT ARE --- UGH!

GONG!



THAT'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR HIM TO MAKE SHORE TRAVERS DOESN'T STOP THE MEN FROM WORKING THE NEW PART OF THE MINE--- AND THAT'S TO SILENCE HIM FOR GOOD!



I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL! I DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT KILLING HIM! WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA! I'LL REAS HIM TO THE OLD, USED-UP SECTION OF THE MINE, TOSS IN A PIECE OF PYRAMITE, AND HE'LL BE KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION!



SHORTLY AFTER ---

BOOM!

THAT DOES IT! THAT'S THE END OF TRAVERS!

ELEVATOR!



I'D BETTER GO NOTIFY HOPALONG SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE A REAL ACCIDENT! I'LL BE BACK BEFORE THE WORKERS SHOW UP!



THE BYLL JONES CUSHES TO HOPALONG'S OFFICE!

...AND POOR TRAVERS WAS DOWN IN THE OLD SECTION OF THE MINE WHEN IT CAVED IN! HE MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S TERRIBLE! LET'S GO AND FIND HIM OUT! THERE'S A SLIGHT CHANCE HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE!



BUT AFTER THEY RETURN TO THE MINE AND DISCOVER WHY THROUGH THE DEBRIS ---

HERE'S TRAVERS! I WAS AFRAID HE'S DEAD! HE WAS DONE FOR! ALL RIGHT!



YOU SAID THERE IS AN OLD, UNUSED SECTION OF THE MINE! WHAT WAS TRAVERS DOING HERE?

ER--- I DON'T KNOW! I RECKON HE WAS JUST LOOKING AROUND!



I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S SOME QUERK  
BUSINESS GOING ON AROUND HERE! FOR  
ONE THING, THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A REAL  
CANE-IN TO ME! IT'S MORE LIKE AN  
EXPLOSION!



HUH! I WAS RIGHT! THERE ARE PIECES OF  
DYNAMITE AROUND! SOMETHING TELLS ME  
THIS IS A CASE OF MURDER! I HAVE A  
HUNCH JONES KILLED TRAVERS BY  
BLOWING UP THIS  
PART OF THE MINE!



I'LL PICK UP  
THESE BITS FOR  
EVIDENCE!

(GULP) HOPALONG IS PICKING  
UP SOME OF THE PIECES OF  
DYNAMITE! IF HE'S DISCOVERED  
THAT THIS WASN'T A REAL CANE-IN,  
IT WON'T TAKE HIM LONG TO  
FIGURE OUT THE REST OF  
THE STORY!



HOPALONG IS TOO SMART!  
ONCE HE STARTS TO SUSPECT  
ME, I'M DONE FOR! I'VE  
GOT TO KILL HIM, TOO!



THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE!  
HOPALONG IS SO BUSY PICKING  
UP THOSE PIECES OF DYNAMITE,  
HE'S NOT WATCHING ME! I'LL  
SHOOT HIM RIGHT NOW!



BUT THE NERVOUS JONES  
IS OVER-ANNOYED!

(GULP) I MISSED  
HIM!

WHAT THE—



SO MY HUNCH  
ABOUT YOU WAS  
RIGHT! YOU DID  
KILL TRAVERS!  
AND YOU JUST  
TRIED TO KILL ME  
BECAUSE YOU WERE  
AFRAID I'D  
FIND OUT!

(GULP) MY  
GUN!





AIIEEEE!

THAT'S THE END OF JONES! HE DIED FOR HIS OWN GREED! HE DIDN'T WANT TO CLOSE DOWN THIS PART OF THE MINE, EVEN THOUGH IT WASN'T SAFE, BECAUSE HE WANTED TO GET WEALTH FROM IT -- SO HE WAS KILLED IN THE CAVE-IN HIMSELF!

WHEEEOON!

WHAT'S THAT? (GULP!) THE MINE'S STARTING TO CAVE IN OVER THERE, TOO! THE WHOLE STRUCTURE MUST HAVE BEEN WEAKENED BY THE COLLAPSE HERE!

WHOOARRRRACH!

IT'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I'M TRAPPED, TOO!

BUT BEFORE HOPALONG CAN TAKE MORE THAN TWO OR THREE STEPS --

(GULP!) THERE IT GOES! I CAN'T GET OUT THIS WAY ANY MORE!

WHEEEOON!

AND I CAN'T GET OUT THAT WAY EITHER! THE CAVE-IN BLOCKED UP THAT SECTION FOR GOOD! THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF HERE! IT'LL JUST BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I SUPPULATE TO DEATH!

I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THERE WAS AN EXIT FROM THE NEW PART OF THE MINE! THE ONLY WAY OUT WAS THROUGH THIS SECTION THAT JUST COLLAPSED!

THE AIR IS STARTING TO GET STALE! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING OR I'LL DIE! BUT HOW CAN I BREAK THROUGH THIS MASS OF ROCK AND DEBRIS? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WAIT! I THINK I SAW A BOX OF DYNAMITE NEAR THE NEW SECTION OF THE MINE WHEN I WAS CHASING JONES BEFORE! IF I CAN FIND IT, I MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT OF HERE!

THERE'S A LOT OF ROCK TO DIG UNDER!  
BUT I MUST LOOK FOR IT! IT'S MY  
ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL!

HOURS  
PASS  
BY...

IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T  
FIND IT! (GASP) THERE'S  
NO AIR LEFT IN HERE! I CAN'T  
GO ON MUCH LONGER!

WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?  
IT'S THE DYNAMITE!  
I FOUND IT!

MAYBE I CAN BLAST  
MY WAY OUT  
OF HERE!

I'LL SOON KNOW IF I CAN  
ESCAPE THIS DEATH TRAP  
OR NOT! ALL I NEED IS AN  
OPENING BIG ENOUGH FOR  
ME TO CRAWL THROUGH!

HERE  
GOES!

IT WORKED! THERE'S A  
CLEARING! I CAN GET OUT  
OF HERE NOW!

AND NOW LONG ARMES HAS  
WAY TO SAFETY OUT  
OF THE MINE!

WELL, THAT FINISHES THIS  
CASE! AND THIS MINE, TOO!  
IT HAS CLAIMED ITS LAST  
LIFE! AS LONG AS IT  
REMAINS UNSAFE, I'LL  
SEE THAT IT  
REMAINS  
CLOSED!

BOOM!



## SIX-GUN SILENCE

By John Martin

**B**EN GATESON, manager of the Two Peaks branch of the Ironton Bank, looked across the desk in his office at Rick Hardy. Hardy was the president of the Ironton bank itself, at its main branch. Gateson was troubled. "I wouldn't do it," he said, troubled. "You wouldn't catch me transferring all that gold to the main branch at Ironton just because a few banks in the next county got busted into?"

"You wouldn't, eh?" Hardy barked sarcastically. "Who's responsible for the money in these banks? I am. If your branch gets busted into, and all your bullion stolen, I'll be held responsible by the stockholders. We're in a shaky enough position now." He threw a suspicious glance at Gateson. "I can't figure why you're trying to keep me from doing the sensible thing!"

Gateson looked at him uneasily. "Next thing, you'll be thinkin' I'm behind the robbery, Hardy!" he said.

"So far as I know, you might, you old galoot," Hardy said, smiling for the first time. "But I guess you aren't. You'd just be doin' yourself out of a good job. Well, what about it? After all, it's only for safety's sake!"

Gateson smiled back, after a moment's further thought. "Okay," he said. "We'll do it. Maybe you're right. Give me two hours to load the stuff and we'll ride back to Ironton with the gold convoy together. I'm not lettin' it out of my sight!"

Hardy nodded vigorously. "We'll need you, Ben," he said, "until this gang is caught."

Two hours later, Gateson and Hardy got under way for Ironton, at the head of the gold convoy. Three of Gateson's employees rode horses before and after the mule packs holding the gold. The two bankers kept their hands on their hoglegs, ready for any trouble. It was near three o'clock in the afternoon when Ironton showed its false fronts up over the brush and sage.

A shot rang out as they rode near the town. "Thunderation!" Hardy cried. He called back instructions to the three guards to take the gold hurriedly to the main branch. Then, he

and Gateson spurred forward.

"What's that?" Gateson asked in amazement as they neared the outskirts of the town. He pointed to a big space beyond the last houses where a large tent had been set up. Puffs of smoke came from before the tent, where several men were engaged in a gun battle.

"It's the Sheriff!" Hardy cried. "He's in a fight with those galoots around the tent. Let's go!"

The sign on top of the tent showed clearly as they rode up. It read: THE GREAT ELMO'S SIDESHOW. BIGGEST SHOW IN ARIZONA.

"Wasn't there when I left for Two Peaks last night?" Hardy granted, dismounting. He drew both guns and ran up to the scene of trouble, followed by Gateson.

"What's wrong, Sheriff?" he asked. The firing had died down.

Sheriff Wrangle slipped his hoglegs into their holsters. "Mite of trouble," he said. "This bunch of rock toads moved in without gettin' a permit. I told 'em the Town Board wasn't mactin', 'specially with you out of town—and they'd have to wait until you got back! But they wouldn't. Insisted on opening tomorrow. When I rode out here to stop 'em, they opened up on me."

Hardy looked keenly toward the small tent from which the guns had barked. "I don't trust any strangers," he said. "Not with all that gold in town." His eyes took on a suspicious look. "I wonder—could they have got wind of the gold transfer?"

"Dunno," the Sheriff said. "I'm for goin' in and lockin' 'em up right now, though."

"They may be harmless," Gateson said.

The tent flap suddenly opened. An elderly man came out. He had on a Prince Albert coat, knee breeches, high boots and a top hat. His big walrus moustache quivered.

"Afternoon, gent's," he said, bowing and coming closer. "I'm the Great Elmo."

"Well, you'd better get that sideshow of yours skeddaddling out of town," Hardy said.

"Well, now," Elmo said. "You wouldn't want

to deprive the ranchers around here of some genuine entertainment, would you?" He sneered. "We've been doin' right well, up around Kinkaid County, and . . ."

"That's where the bank robberies took place!" Hardy said, excitedly.

"Don't know anything about bank robberies, mister," Elmo said. "You a banker?"

Hardy nodded.

"Then you'll have a business interest in keepin' our show in town," Elmo said. He took a big wallet out of his pocket and thrust it in Hardy's face. "First off, we'd like to deposit this in the bank."

Gateson's eyes gleamed.

"I don't know . . ." Hardy began, but changed his mind. "All right," he said. "And I'll get the Town Board to give you a permit. I reckon even if you folks wanted to try anything, you wouldn't dare with a bunch of ranchers in town."

Elmo smiled faintly, bowing. "Obliged, sir," he said. He inclined his head toward the tent. "Supper's about ready. I eat alone, so if you'd honor me with your presence, we can seal the bargain."

"Don't mind if we do," Hardy said hungrily. "It'd be hours before we could get a bite in Linton."

"I've eaten," the Sheriff said.

"Okay, you can see that the gold we brought in from Twin Peaks gets safely to the bank," Gateson said. "And deposit Elmo's dough?"

The Sheriff nodded, got on his cayuse and rode off.

"This way, gents," Elmo said, leading the way into his private tent. "Buffalo steak to-night."

The meal, served by one of Elmo's roustabouts, was a good one, but Gateson and Hardy didn't wait long after supper and coffee. Elmo saw them off to town with a few polite words and further thanks to Hardy on his promise to get him a permit to operate his sideshow in Linton.

Elmo watched them gallop off. He retired to his tent, got a cigar and sat quietly, thinking, for a few hours.

At midnight, he silently slipped out of his tent. Around him the rest of the sideshow lay sleeping. Two roustabouts came after him. In town Elmo dispatched one of them elsewhere. With the other he circled quietly round the back of the bank, down an alley. Around them the town slept in silence.

"You breakin' in now, boss?" the roustabout asked.

For an answer Elmo threw his weight against the back door of the bank. It gave. Fingers to

lip for silence, Elmo moved through a corridor into the main room of the bank. A figure stood before the safe, menacing, bending over it. The roustabout crept round a teller's cage at a signal, rose swiftly.

"No, you don't!" the figure cried. A hand with a gun in it appeared. There was a ghostly chuckle. "Now, we'll just have a look at you boys, and . . ."

There was a sudden sound of running from outside.

The glass door of the bank shook. The figure shrank back. Then the door burst in, with the Sheriff in the lead of a couple of hastily dressed deputies.

He looked at Elmo, drew his bagging. Before him the figure moved frantically.

The Sheriff's gun barked. There was a crack of lead on steel. The other's gun flew back against the wall. One of the deputies brought up a lantern. The light fell on the figure's face.

"Hardy!" the Sheriff cried.

"I caught Elmo in here, trying to bust the safe!" Hardy said.

"If that's so, then why did Elmo send one of his roustabouts to warn me the bank was being robbed?" the Sheriff demanded sarcastically. "So this is why you transferred gold from Twin Peaks?"

Elmo stirred a collection of burglar tools on the floor with his boot. "That ought to convict him if nothing else does," he said.

**A**T SUPPER I noticed Hardy slip something into Gateson's coffee. I figured it had something to do with the bank, and since my money was there, I decided to protect it. Hardy probably used these burglar tools as a blind. If he just opened the safe, Gateson would know it was him, because only Hardy knew the combination. He's probably got the dough he cracked from the other banks at his house."

"You'll have to prove Gateson was drugged!" Hardy said hotly.

"We did, just before we came," the Sheriff said. "He's sneering. We couldn't wake him up. But Elmo said we'd better try, so we did."

Outside, Elmo tipped his hat to Hardy who was marching ahead of the Sheriff's gun. Elmo handed the Sheriff some tickets.

"Fram for the show, Sheriff," he said, chuckling. "Too bad Mr. Hardy can't attend. But Mr. Gateson may enjoy it. He's going to need a little diversion tomorrow to get over his surprise when he wakes up!"

THE END



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# QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!  
 SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—  
 3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

- ① JOHN C. CALHOUN WAS  
 VICE-PRESIDENT UNDER  
 JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- ② IN SEA TRAVEL, A KNOT  
 IS EQUAL TO ONE  
 NAUTICAL MILE (6080  
 FEET) PER HOUR.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- ③ NEPTUNE IS A  
 PLANET.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- ④ LEO IS THE NAME  
 OF ONE OF THE  
 SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- ⑤ KING ARTHUR OF THE  
 ROUND TABLE LIVED  
 IN THE 6TH CENTURY.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



## ANSWERS:

① TRUE ② TRUE ③ FALSE ④ TRUE ⑤ FALSE

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FOURTH TO TENTH PRIZES \$1 EACH

Saddle up, Buddies, don't delay if you hanker to win one of the cash prizes. All you have to do is write down the answer to the TRAIL TWISTER below and state in 25 words or less why Hopalong Cassidy is your favorite cowboy hero.



HERE IS THIS MONTH'S  
TRAIL TWISTER---  
COWBOYS TOOK TO WEARING KER-  
CHIEFS AROUND THEIR NECKS  
YEARS AGO FOR AN IMPORTANT  
REASON. CAN YOU NAME IT?

## HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES:

1. The contest closes Jan. 31, 1953. No entry will be accepted if post-marked later than this date.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the coupon at the bottom of this page. Fill in the answers on the coupon along with your name and address and make sure you mail it to the proper address listed below.
3. Hopalong Cassidy will put in a recommendation in judging the contest but entries must be judged to be considered. Skill in answering the questions and in stating why Hopalong Cassidy is your favorite cowboy will be most important factors in awarding the prizes.
4. Anyone in the United States or its possessions may enter the contest except employees of Fawcett Publications or members of their families.
5. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications.
6. In case of a tie duplicate prizes will be awarded the winners.
7. The editors of this magazine will be the sole judges of the contest and their decisions will be final.

## COUPON

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO:  
HOPALONG CASSIDY'S TRAIL TWISTER CONTEST  
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.  
FAWCETT PLACE, GLENMARTIN, CONN.

Cowboys wear kerchiefs because \_\_\_\_\_

Hopalong Cassidy is my favorite cowboy because \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S TRAIL TWISTER CONTEST**

GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE TO LASSO A VALUABLE PRIZE. WINNERS OF THIS MONTH'S CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE AUG. 1953 ISSUE OF HOPALONG CASSIDY.

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring  
WILLIAM BOYD in **THE ASSASSIN'S TREACHERY**



DON'T WORRY, SEWELL, A FEW MONTHS REST IN THE SANITARIUM WILL RESTORE YOUR HEALTH COMPLETELY! YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW!

I'M AFRAID IT WILL TAKE MUCH LONGER THAN THAT, HOPALONG! I'M A PRETTY SICK MAN! BUT I WISH YOU'D DO ME A FAVOR!



ANYTHING YOU WANT? WHAT IS IT?

I LEFT TWO OF MY COWBOYS, ED DOAKS AND LEN WILLS, IN CHARGE OF MY RANCH. I THINK THEY'RE HONEST FELLERS, BUT I'D APPRECIATE YOUR GOING UP THERE AND CHECKING THE BOOKS EVERY FEW MONTHS TO SEE IF EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT!



SURE, SEWELL, I'D BE GLAD TO DO THAT FOR YOU. I SAY, THERE'S THE WHISTLE! I'D BETTER GET OFF BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTS!

ALL RIGHT, HOPALONG! THANKS FOR AGREEING TO LOOK OVER THINGS AT MY SPREAD! THAT SETS MY MIND AT EASE!



**A** FEW MONTHS LATER, AT FRED SEWELL'S RANCH...

LISTEN, WILLS, WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE!

CLEAR OUT? ARE YOU LOCO? WE'VE BEEN MAKING MONEY HAND OVER FIST SINCE SEWELL LEFT US IN CHARGE HERE!







JUST AS SOON AS HILLS AND DOKS FINISH BUYING "HOPALONG"...

I FEEL GREAT! WITH HOPALONG DEAD WE HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY... HUH? (GASP) ISN'T THAT HOPALONG RIDING THIS WAY?

YES, IT IS! BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?



THAT NO-GOOD TRIGGER PULLED A FAST ONE ON US! HE FOOLED US INTO THINKING THAT WAS HOPALONG IN THE SACK! BUT THAT'S NO TIME TO DO ANYTHING 'BOUT THAT NOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE AND BURN THE BOOKS SO CASSIDY WON'T BE ABLE TO EXAMINE THEM!



THOSE BOOKS ARE TOO THICK TO BURN BEFORE HOPALONG GETS HYAR!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO HIDE THEM UNDER THE DECK AND BURN SOME PAPERS INSTEAD!



WHEN HOPALONG COMES IN...

HELLO... WHAT HAPPENED?

THE FOOL DOKS LEFT A LIGHTED CIGARETTE NEAR THE BOOKS AND THEY CAUGHT ON FIRE!



JEEBES, I'M SORRY! I NEVER THOUGHT!

SHORE YUH DIDN'T THINK! LOOK AT WHAT YUH DID! THE BOOKS ARE NOTHING BUT ASHES NOW!





**M** EANHOLE...

HYA, HOPPY! THAT'S A TELE-GRAM FER YUH FROM FRED SEWELL! HE SAYS HE'S

THAT'S GREAT NEWS! I'LL RIDE TO HIS RANCH AND TELL HIS MEN, DOAKS AND WELLS TO GET EVERYTHING IN SHIP-SHAPE ORDER!


**H**OPALONG SPEEDS TO SEWELL'S RANCH...

THAT'S STRANGE! DOAKS AND WELLS ARE GONE! THEY MUST HAVE LEFT IN A HURRY! THEY DON'T EVEN TAKE AWAY THE ASHES FROM OFF THE DESK!



I'LL CLEAN IT UP... EY, WHAT'S THAT UNDER THE DESK? WHY THOSE ARE THE BOOKS! HMM! THE ONLY REASON DOAKS AND WELLS COULDPAY FOR TELLING ME THE BOOKS WERE BURNED IS THAT THEY DON'T WANT ME TO SEE THEM!



THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DOING SOMETHING SHADY! OF COURSE! THERE ISN'T AN ENTRY OF ANY CATTLE SALES, BUT I KNOW THAT SINCE THOSE TWO HAVE BEEN IN CHARGE, HALF OF SEWELL'S STOCK IS GONE!



SO THAT'S IT! THEY'VE BEEN SELLING SEWELL'S STEERS AND POCKETING THE MONEY THEMSELVES! WELL, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!



THEY KNEW I'D FIND OUT WHAT THEY WERE DOING SO THEY BEAT IT! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT THEY ARE CUTTING THROUGH THE HALLS TOWARD THE BORDER! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH UP TO THEM!


**S**HORTLY AFTER...

YUH HOMBRES DID A GOOD JOB CLEANING UP SO I'M GONNA REWARD YUH... WITH COME HOT LEAD!



(GULP) PLEASE, TRIGGER, DON'T SHOOT US! YOU CAN KEEP THE MONEY! WE'LL NEVER BOTHER YUH! ONLY DON'T KILL US!

STOP WASTING YOUR BREATH! I TOLD YUH I NEVER LEAVE ANY OF MY VICTIMS ALIVE! HWR GOGS!





# HOPALONG CADDY

